of doing the impossible with the people and things which are the creatures of his invention, so when he permitted Sherlock Holmes to dis-the detective who had for so long proved a good friend to our bump of lave for mystery—it did not pro-voke all the sadness which it might. To be sore, it was an unhappy occasion; but a firm belief in the tumortality of the soul and the limitless invention of Dr. Doyle robbed death of all its victory and the grave of all its sting. We really looked for Detective Holmes in the very next story The detective wishes to be reeffort which he made to descri the Styx, as recorded in John Kendrick Bangs' "Pursuit of the House Boat." Surely so good a friend of the late detective as Cotton Doyle himself would not be ignorant of the man's wishes or deaf to his appeal

So when it was announced that a new story was finished by Dr. Doyle, and the said story was actually brought before us in tidy book form, we looked at the limit chapter, confident of reading it "The Resurrection of Sherlock Homes." there was only disappointment for the looking. Notices to still in the Louiseboat. lamenting the failure of his expedition against Capt. End and cursing the face which makes him an exile from amaher Conan Devile book.

The new story is called "Uncle Bernac," and and we are vanifed back at a single bound to 100 years before the days of Detective Holmes' actiovements. This time the story is French. It concerns the teturn to his mative hand of a young royalist extle. He is called tack by a friendly letter from his Uncie Bernac, with which the family had not before been on good terms. There was a my stery consected with this letter.

It was scaled at each end with red wax, but the wax did not bear the impress of his under ring, but of a large, coarseumb. Moreover, While the inenation within was written in French, there was sera wied on the putside the two Fuglish words, "Don't come," The young man, who received the contradic tory epistic was for a moment confused in making up his mand. But being a good and obschent gations and the possibility of the story, he bravely turns a bind eye to this point of the sent and the insunction and digs up a soore of reasons why he should go. And he and thereby hangs the story of

He no scoper lands in France than be falls into founced tells. His adventures are diversified, but always exciting and there is a perfect chain of eventful detenten page after page. Dr. Doyle knows how todaths sort afting Beis a veritable spader, and wor to the fly who ventures so near his patier even as the first chapter.

is a side to the story broader. and more general than the personal nation of it. In "Uncle Bernne" Dr. Dovie gives no his perure of Napoleon. This alone. would induc the book with an interest to curry it, even if the story val sections as wis (New York: D. Appleton | digiton, Brentano.) Washington Bremates

There are many good things in this green's Yellow Book, So many, in fact that we are almost temptod back into errors of what he forced by each te of the Bodley Head. Literature and art. move generally through the pages de lighting the way and costing ingratiating to individual bits the about of the control of the reader Almost the only important mame in the table of writers is knowest Le Galliene, and by scriptural compensation an energy of his which comes her stands first in the proportioned list of merits. It s a directation on the birth of beauty in the perioptive faculties.

starts with the optimistic and con-. Jone principle that all things are edve- housiful, or contain the possibility of beauty, or, to be more explicit, they may repend to a conception of beauty which will proclaim then beautiful, becouse beauty is in the eye of the beholder. He likes themy to a steeping woman whom he colls on sleeping beinty to be awakened by the kies of great love or of

Then Mr. Le Gallienne launches into an cornect and truly sensible secondary of this wonderful and elusive quality "Beaufy is, in fact, a collaboration between the behalder and the beliefd," he says. has no abstract existence, and is visible or to see it that the as one is endowed or not endowed with a wose of beauty an ideratio mensor Wheelt, strangely cooling, is common bunnanity. Farticularly is this assump toward from regard to the beauty of women

man, however beauty-billed be that really be, considers himself a judge of which though he might hesitate to call biniself a judge of borres. Thr. indeed. from the being true that the curre of beaut is initered there can be but little doub that the democracry is for the nest part beauty-kind, and that while it has a certim redifferent pleasure in the conclines first conceof boalth, and the prettiness that goes with rithous, it dislikes and fears that amer beauty which is relicon comely, never pretty and always strange.

"Well, as no one would dream of art centrism by pickisette. Why should univenual conventions of the beauty of Women find so large an acceptance merely because they are suiversal? There are vast multifodes, no doubt. Who dermed the scented unties of Bongereau more beau tiful than the strange ladies of Botticelli, and were you to inquire, you would diself, as she dusts your picture to the sound of music hall song, what you see in the Jean women of Burne-Jones, or the repulsive ugliness of "The Blessed She thanks begwee that she was not been with such a face, as she takes a resouring glance in the neitror at her own regular prettiness and more remark at le bloom. For, you see, this beauty is ago, it was asleen for all but the artist who first kissed it awake

"All beauty was once asleep like that, even the very beauty your housemaid un derstands and perhaps exemplifies. It is asinep awaiting the eye of the beholder, It lay asleep awaiting the kiss of genius at as one day nothing at all seemed beautiful, so some day all things will or to seem so, if the revelation be not

Biready complete. "For, indeed, much beauty that was asleep lifty years ago has been passion ately awakened and given a scepter and a kingdom since then; the beauty of lonely, neglected faces that no man loved, or loved only by stealth for fear of the pockery of the blind: the beauty of un conventional contours and unpopular colpring, the beauty of railor, of the redbaired and the 'fausse maigre.' The fair and the fat are no longer paramount, and the beauty of furty has her day.

"Nor have the discoveries of beauty been confined to the faces and forms of women. 5n natura, too, the waste places have

Dr. Conan Doyle is a sort of literary | till Wordsworth came, but we had learned man of magic. He has a marvelous faculty | his tesson so well that the beauty of the plain slept for us all the longer, till, with Tennyson and Millet, it awakened at last—the beauty of desolate levels, solitary magriands and the rich melancholy of the

> Continuing this charming essay, which he modestly styles "a prose fancy" Mr by taxasteria, concludes: "And yet it has not been the modern world alone that has awakened that beauty independent of, and permaps greater than, the teasts of form and color; rather it may be said to have awakened it by study of certain subtle old masters of the Remassance and the great beauties who have made the tragedies and love-stories of the world, so far as their faces have been preserved to us, were seldom 'beautiful, or the populace would understand beauty For perhaps the highest beauty is visible only to genius, or to that great love which, we have said, is a form of genius. It was only, it will be remembered, at the kiss of a prince that Sleeping Beauty might open her wonderful eyes." (New York: Lane. Washington: Woodward & But Lothrop +

> > After the yellow book, the green Th reen book is a mere trifle in size, but has an appetizing title, and its table of contents begets a ravishing appetite. "New Sciads!" That's the name of the green book. The maker is Mrs S. T. Rorer, to whom culmary literature is indebted for more volumes than one.
> >
> > The proper way to arrive at the value of

this lettle tome would be to send it to the rock, with instructions to make every one of the fifte-odd salads, and soud them in me a day. Or, better still, and it would bring Mrs. Rorer not only readier but more appreciative words from her critics, wh loes the anniable lady not send the saight astend of the book? Anyliterary man can tell more about a salad made than salad making, and if it's as good as it looks in type, perhaps he would be trapped into that most unprofessional of sits, he might buy the book that describes the making. Then he would praise both the salad and the book The book contains a great variety

recipes for salads and other damties for dinners, Innotacops, suppers, and reception bers, with a proper regard for his obli. In her preface the author, speaking or cathedra, in agree and over her to wis and pans no doubt, says. "A saisd made from s succulent green vegetable and French dressing should be seen on the dinner table in every Well regulated house 365 times a year. These green vegetables contain the salts necessary to the well being of oer blood, the oil is an casily digested form of fatty matter the lemon juice gives usufficient acul, therefore, simple solaris are exceedingly wholesome. We do not refe here to the highly seasoned mixtures of ments and vegetables with a beavy mayor maise dression. These are nutber objection able. However, if one one is the nustard seconing the noterral slightly and emobiand serves such saints for a knot or for an evening collistion, they are much two Wholesome than the average fried dist open which comey depend for their fait. Physidelicka, Armeld & Co. Wast

> A Writer, Lundon McVicar, in Current Literature, Writing of the proportions be tween author and dinstrator, frames these motters for them:

Author: Thus my people thought and

Artist. And tous theylooked and Walked. It is a elever expression of this conscious little truth, drawing the distinction clearly STREET TOUR

A book of gay, happy verses; s John Leon am Merrill, jr 's book of love rhymes, "In Wraen Brarts Lead." He is florest and tuneful, and strikes the heart notes so often as to establish himself as reresistthis. One of the prettiest myrnes of all his is the one in which he dedicates the ction to his flancest

TH dedicate this book to Miss —.
Het last name I'll leave out,
ther last name I'll leave out,
the fasts fair knows who she is,
Though others are in doubt,
And — if another I should write,
I trust I may be free. The book to Mrs. Me.

There is a whole romance in these eight mes. The bachelor writes so charmingly that it would be unselfish to wish him th cusummation of his desire. The dediwhom gave out a personal interest in th unnamed Miss, which we were caper t graufy in some succeeding poem. The first ones all denote him an ardent lover inspired in all his verses by the tender Then Louise is encountered an toot only see his love for her Louis en, is the beroipe of our romano In the very next he is dreaming of Isabel hand there's one so fair as Myrtelia fickleness is followed far enough What patience for such a vacillating r who loves a score and dar confess it boldly in print? Or, and prob oldy, these various names are all a men-composite screen of the one lovely Dulches of the dedication. (New York: DeMeric Co. Washington: Brentano.)

Prof. John Bascom, who has written an stire library of ethical, philosophical and cological books contributes another to as its in his recently published "Evolution and Religion " The work is not so severely didactic as to be specific in the target of its alms. Its general adaptability to a large circle and the promise of its reeption thereby is found in the elevating and optimistic purpose of his considerations mirable clearness, that faith, which sophist is trying to relegate to obscurity and obliterate utterly, is a part of a complete cosmic system. Says Prof. Bascom 'The doctrine of evolution is so recen of conception, especially in its bearings on spiritual things, that we are able as et nother to define it well within itself or to see its implications when taker connection with our higher life. We do two most modesirable things-we make the notion so inflexible as to strangle our ntellectual powers, and we struggle the theory itself as something which we would gladly escape." His object in the present work is to bring relief, at least some relief, to both these points: "To show that evolution is not a conception in exinction of reason, nor yet a movement in worthrow of faith. Our spiritual life i nvolved in it and built up by it as its most comprehensive and consummate product "

ile treates evolution as a conception, a giving unity to the field of knowledge and thought, in its present spiritual phases, and in the proof it offers to spiritual beliefs. It is a scholarly, consoling, strengthening nd valuable work. (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Washington: Brentano.)

The dethronoment of the hero is an bhappy sensation. If writers would but remember that the bread and butter of fiction mangers depends upon the preservation in the character of the reader that primitive love of the ideal and sale lov to deception for story's sake, there would be less (conoclasm. Idealista is been reclaimed for the kingdom of beauty, atways optimistic. Realism is merely the little hills had not really rejoiced as valuable for certain purposes. Certain

forms of it in fiction are sins, not merely against the ten commandments, but against the writer's economic law that the reader shall be preserved for bread and butter's

thus a debauches is an impossible bero, o matter how skillful the writer, how tretaful as a work of art is the setting of the hero's story. Julian Croskey's story, "Max," makes excellent reading for eighty-seven rages. Max was an ambitions young enthusiast who gave his and his arms to the liberation of the Chinese, a trifle nitruistic and egotistic of the young man, but such single-handed bravery is rare enough to be forgiven for its own sake in forgetfulness of its rashness. He is east into prison and deported to England

Mr. Croskey is a subtle analyst, and he

good friend. (New York: Barper & Bros-Washington: Woodward & Lothrop.)

The fact that the Commercial Advertizer of New York is one of Gotham's journals, which has not post its head in the vortex of delirium which seems to have struck Park Row is not entire apology for drawing it into this department. It has always maintained its editorial expression. whether on matters artistic, musical, literary, dramatic, or in the broader redscellaneous field, at a high plane of thought and expression. One of its latest thought awhile, and said the candidate contributions to the good literature which | wasn't big enough for the place it is the portion of good journals to furnish Is an editorial on casays.

Speaking of the renaissance of the popu larity of this form of literary expression it says that it is a sign "not only of maturity describes the prison hours of the hopeless among the Writers themselves, but also

counting-room to assume charge of a department of the Government, he is in dan ger of acquiring distorted and exagger ated views of things, especially during the period when his position and responsibilities are new to him. Senator Elkins the other day went in to see a member of the Cabinet, who was still feeling somewhat the nov elty of his surroundings. The Senator rec ommended a bright young lawyer far a position that was about to be filled. The Secretary asked a lot of questions about

"But you can't expect to get Joe Chonles for \$3,500 a year," argued the Senator. "No." said the Secretary, "that is true. This, bowever, is a very important peai-

He went on to describe ideal qualifica-



MR. ALFRED AUSTIN.

and hapless here in minute terms. He lays of sound take on the part of the reading tions for the appointment. Senator Elians have the innermost workings of his mind public. It is an indication that they crave locard him to the end, and then biasted out o the consuming interest of his reader. One is about to nextle down in the chair and prepare for uninterrogged reading of the ione rest. It looks worth wide. The proposition is a shiffed writer, and apcutly, an uncommonly time hero. The

er the wrash Having brought Max back to Eugland the author feels it opportune, and, in fact, necessary to his marratom, to tell something of his hero's just. And he has eroic pedestal on the eighty-eighth, and centiate, carried to a degree, the sort of cho may, under circumstances, induce eventathy, but never admiration. The ation of Max's sons on page cighty-eight emoves him from the circle of her or the rest. What matters the end of such

errintiners? Why are such books written?

There must be a reason? eritmenters. Mr. Croskey is a thoughtful eriter, be has gifts of style and originality d expression, but his hopeless miscorreive evotion to a disputing realism is an settable blot on his present story, (New York John Lane Washington Woodward and Lothrep.

New books from our old friend, Edward Finite, are infresp. eventful upon arrival. And he has such stimulating Way of not disappointing, to catter to Wint point of the compass it points his pen. He is one of there in whom

we may al ways have confidence There is nothing of the "new" literature in Dr. Hale's writing. He is very old fushioned, with comfort and freshness Sometimes he is moral, which is a par tonic for readers nowadays; often he is con-ventional, with fidelity to old standards which imbues his pages with actual orig imility, while all the "new" writers ar trying to be "different," and only su coed in being very like each other, and very depressing, and tedious in varying de

Dr. Hale's new book is a collection of short stories, "Susan's Escort, and Others," in layender, purple and silver-which r fers to the relors of the cover. Of the seven teen stories Which are included in the "anothers," fifteen have heretofore appeared in periodicals; in Harper's, the Independent New England Magazine, the Chautauquan Once a Week, and in other agencies for disseminating good reading. Collectively it is Dr. Hale's first volume of short stories

He celebrates the occasion with a pref which is interesting. He tells of his troubles in finding a suitable title for hi new book, and subjoins a few remarks in anology, or rather defense, of short storie

in general. Says he: "For four thousand years, be the same more or less, short stories have seen in the world. It may be guessed then, that they have come to stay. I find none better than those of the Indian rage. Eidpel, and I do not know when he wrote them, nor does anyone else But Mr. Kip ing's are as good when he describes the loves and the lates of the descendants of Bidpal's heroes. If one may judge who has read thousands with delight, and has with equal delight written his share, th days of the short story will not be ended wille we have Miss Jewett, and Mr. Slosson and Mr. Wister and Mr. Davis and Mr. Barrie and Mr. Kipling."

The stories ushered in by Susan and her strange escert are all attractive in vary ing degrees. They are of the good sort which warm the heart while they stime late the interest. In point of literary value they display Dr. Hale at his best, reflectthe heart and soul of a wise man and a

bread, as well as cake: that they value well digested thought. The most ordent lover of fiction compet undergo as proionged diet of the modern novel without an antidate in the form of the same, quiet beyond discoursing in a well-bred, may

Richard Le Gallienne's book reviews, Which are in reality to oplete little coays ty-seven pages steps down from the story. After Meynell's essays, in which she handles ordinary tonics with rare dismore of the reader than the average novel. return for his mental contentration. Agnes Repplier, Hamilton Mabie, Edmund Gosse the late Walter Pater and many others of diverse gifts have also aided in re-estab lishing the prestige of the essay.

It would be well for the young nutbers who are springing up like mushrooms in the world of letters to put the noem and the short story aside on occasions, that they may have the time to think which the composition of an essay requires. A charneteractic of much of the present-day fiction is its absence of style and of form its total lack of thought ballast. Practice in essay writing could not, of course, supply these deficiencies altogether, but it would go far toward supplying them.

It would inevitable infuse more dignits and more firmness into the tale of the poem. Intensive, rather than extensive, writing is the great need of the age in lit erstore. The numbity of books is sicken ingly large, but the quality is often thi od poor. There is much cleverness, but little thoughtfulness, displayed in the ma jurity of novels. A thorough study of the eway in theory and in practice is the best meneds for the prevailing slovenliness of style and thought in the average works of

The Harpers send forth in a little press smeet a portrait of a viperish New Eng-land old maid and label it, "Mary E. Wilkins, from her latest photograph." No. no. This is libel. The Bon. Mrs. Fitzsimmons might have posed for this picture when at arson City she delivered herself of those emerable words, "Funch in the wind Bob;" and Mary E. Wilkins was 3,000 miles away. What the picture really looks like is that all the milk of human kindness in the sweet nature of this kindly writer all just soured and cardled to the last extent. Take it away, Mr. Harper, and your brothers. We want no numounted electro ype of this likel.

Accompanying the picture is a bit of news more complimentary. For this reason t is gladly published, and it says: "In a Poor Man, which the Haroers are seen to publish in took form, Miss Wilkins has again turned to the field of New England life, in which she has won so many distinguished successes. The vents are grouped around a high-spirited, able-hearted man, whose career is traced with the fine fidelity to truth, and with the subtle insight which makes Miss Wilstories almost startlingly lifelike The story opens dramatically, at once en gaging the reader's attention, and each figure as it appears is sketched in swiftle So great has been its so as a serial in Harper's Weekly, that Miss Wilkins is thought in this novel to have even surpassed her great achievement in 'Pem broke," one of the strongest novels writ ten not only by the present generation of American storywriters, but in the whole history of our literature as well." This is quoted, you note.

The Shocked Secretary. When a man comes to Washington di rect from his law office, his bank or his

locard tim to the end, and then blacted out in his bearty Way "Man alive! You can't expect to get

person like that for a place like this. Why, soon a time Wouldn't touch your own job the wooldn't have a seat in the Cabiner. The can do better — Washington correspond ence in St. Louis Globe-Demotrat. A Protest Against Dialect.

To compare Bret Harte and Buffalo Bill cost of order, so strong is the contrast in most particulars, and yet they are alike in this-that both, without intending to do re have intured the far West by greatly exaggerating the reculiarities of life in this perof the Union, if they have not actually no sented that which never did exist In fac-Enfrale Billbas done it with his Wild West chows, and in consequence thou sands of me and women in Europe and the eastern part of the United States think that the typical far Westernerbincowboy, and that travel b stone is frought with danger at every step Bret Harte has done semething of the sau sort by representing the principal charac illiterate, though it may be honest men who use a form of speech which one would ! go far to hear in any part of the world One is reminded of this by a criticist which recently appeared in the Chicag ribone upon Judge France's little colle low of short stories called "Pine Valley The critic accases the author of misrepre enting life in Colorado naning camps b "parlor" English. The author of that crit. ignorant of good English, and he probably also thinks that they use a dialect peculiar o mining canops, or it may be far Western While every now and then one encounter

spectors or naners, who, having lived isolated lives, for many years, have as quired peculiarities of speech, these are as a matter of fact, exceptions. As a rule rs belong to the class composed in the East of intelligent mechanics, farmers and well-to-do residents of towns and village They have the command of English, which possessed by the average person edu ated in a public school, and a great ma jority of them were born east of the Misouri River, if not east of the Missi But in addition there are thousands of me living in mining camps and wearing habits ally miners' clothes who are well educates and speak as pure and grammatical English as one can hear in the offices of lawyers octors, and civil engineers in may of the union. An author would not be criticised for putting "parlor" English in the mouths of men of this class in the east, and the criticism is no less unit if the scene of the story is laid in the far West. As for a true dialect, the far West is not old enough for the development of anything of that kind. One may hear it in the mountains of Tennessee doubtless ein rural communities in the East But for anything like this the far West is as yet too young and its population is a mixture of people drawn from too many different parts of, not the United States, but the whole English-speaking world - Denver Republican. Three Great Hones.

"Gawge has pwomised to send me a splintah from a spectation's stand diwectly opposite the lord mayor's Wesiden

ou know.

"And Edgah said he would gathah for me a little dust from the wondway aftali her majesty's carriage passed " "And Clarence told me he would do his best to find a toothpick for me that the pwince had cast aside "-Cleveland Plain

## JULY MAGAZINES.

One of the notable things in Harper's Magazine for July is Gen. George A. For syth's article on "Sheridan's Ride." It is a concise yet vivid account of what happened on that fateful day when Sheridan rode twenty miles; from Winchester to Ceda Creek, to save the fortunes of the Army of the Shenandoah. It contradicts in one or two particulars the well-known tradition on the subject, which is mainly gathered from Buchanan Read's poem; but it is not less interesting or dramatic for all that. One of the details in which Gen. Foreyth sees fit to correct the tradition is in the alleged "terrible oath" uttered b; Sheridan as he came upon the scene He states positively that no "swear words' were deemed necessary. Gen. For-syth and Capt. O'Keefe were the only two officers who accompanied Sheridan

to the front Lovers of Du Maurier will breathe a sigh of relief that "The Martian" pires in this number of Harper's. The genial artist author appears to have decocted into this composition the dregs of his gentus, and after the sparking and effervescent quality of his earlier work one does not care to be served thus.

The nest of the short stories is an art'stic study by Robert C V. Meyers, called "A Portrait by Cabanel." Howells and av essay on "The Modern American Mood." in the philosophical spirit of his later days, which is also optimistic. Poultary Eigelow, in "White Man's Africa," deals with the state of Natal, which he considers the best of all Eritish colonies as a place of residence Says Mr. Ligelow "It has more honest savagery and more complete civilization than any other part of South Africa. It is a magn ficent mount ment to English courage and English ca-pacity for administration." He is nighly consplinentary and very amusing in his description of Dimoan and of Pletermaritz burg and of the Zulu population of Natal John Fox, ir, who is one of the yearuper Southern writers of profimence, begins a serial called "The Kentuckians," and Stockton's serial, "The Great Stone of Sardis," is continued. Poems which will have their especial interest for Washing ton people are "Two Sonnets," by Helm Hay, daughter of Col. John Hay, and "Fe neath the Veil." by Alice Archer Sewall daughter of Rev. Frank Sewall, of tisk city.

The frontispiece of the July Century Garrick and His Wife," from Hogartic's painting, is as line a reproduction as the Century was ever given to its readers It is followed by an article by John C Van Dyke on "William Hogarth," in which three other pointings of the artist who is so generally known only as a satirist, are reproduced. Hogarth was the point is strongly brought out in Mr. Van Dyke's article. Gen fromce Porter continues his inter-

esting series of articles on Campaigning With Grant," and a paper full of interest is that of H W Selon-Karr, on his expelennes "After Big Game in Africa India." This article is superfix illustrated and the adventures graphically told Contrasting with this is the historical artim the Seventeenth Century." It is one of those delineations which cause us to realize the inherent bratality and callons ness of some of our not very remote ancestors. Still another article on the so ject of the chase is "Bunting the Jaconr in Veneziela," by William W lard How-

The faction in this number is rather in abeyance, silliough the serials, "Hugh Wynne" and "Jeanne d'Arc," are continned. Maurice Thompsencontributes one of his stories of Southern life, "The Defense by Resurrection," and there is a sketch of "An Argunaut" by Marie Frances Upton. . . .

The feeding feature in the Atlantic is a houghtful article on "The Making of a Nation," by Woodrow Wilson, Prof. Wilson points out the fact that the American nation is not and has never been an en irely homogeneous people, but rather a series of stages of development, repreented by the different States and setions of the country. As he expresses it in brief, there has always been an East and a West, but there may come a time when there will be no East and no West the sense of warring divisions of th country, when all our heterogeneous masses of population shall have been so welder gether that the central government will give some chance of deciding compant and political questions in a way that will sait the whole nation. On the whole, the article is optimistic, though not wildly

An orticle by Edward Walds Emerson er rather a compilation of correspondent serween that gentleman's distinguishe father, Ralph Waldo Emerson, and John Sterling, occupies some tweaty pages, an takes one back more than fifty years t he transcendental period of New England "The Future of Euro New England," by Alvah F. Santsorn, he other hand, confronts the reader wit i very dismal and appromising picture of the present New England village. The fo toro of the marticular community abstable by Mr. Sanborn, whose name melicate that he was born somewhere in that section of our country, is anything but inviting out perhaps this is not a penceentative The author himself says that the characteristic New England life is to be which he promises to write an article a Mr. Godkin, in an article on "The De

time of Legislatures" is also rather hope cas. He deplotes the existence of " bine" legislation, and points out the dirust felt by the people of the various State of the operations of the State legislature He thinks that in many of these States the people have come to the conclusion that the best thing their representatives at the State capital can do for them is to let them alone. This is not well, but in some ages it is undoubtedly true

In distinction from the northeastern not which is sounded through the greater part of this issue comes in a quaint, pi turesque semi-tropical sketch by Katmopin, "Neg-Creol," which is delightful.

Lippincott's for July presents as its co plete novelette "A Mountain Moloch," by ouffield Osborne. It is a wild, weir of a lost island and a lost remnan of the Phoenician nation, once reported to our Navy Department, but never follows up, after the convenient habit of navy de partments in fiction. W. C. Morrow, au that of that original little volume, "The Ape, the Idiot and Other Stories, tributes a story called 'The Haunted Bur glar," which is both strong and defily har uled, and there is a delightful I (the sket) called "William's Spree," by Louis Boynton An article of especial interes ust at present is a description of Fombay by F. E. Clark, president of the Christia Endeavor Society It is entitled "A Plague-stricken City," and is an impas soned portrayal of the horrors of the preent condition of Bombay and an appea to England for help. ....

The special feature of the Cosmopolitar is Julian Hawthorne's article on "The Borrors of the Plague in India," which is plentifully illustrated and graphically written. Mr. Hawthorne quotes the opin ons of some kind-hearted gentle whom he met on the steamer (who seactions he it said, were the direct opposite of policy with India was responsible for the | - Detroit Free Press.

ing sidter and infanticide she had carned the terming population of India to crease unchecked from 150,000,000 to 300,000,000. On their arrival in India these gentlemen immediately went to work save the lives of all of this surplus nonulation that they could reach, often mperiling their own lives in the effort. guch is the consistency of furnan nature Mr Hawthorne's style is that of the novelist, the story teller, rather than the unitarian, and for that very reas is able to give a more vivid idea of the situation in India than could a more actively interested writer

Richard Le Gaillenne, that dilletante phiosopher with the charming style, who has been playing his part in English Bierary circles of late, gives to the Cosmopolitan a new rendering of the Rubalyat of Omar Khayyam, which is in many respects the best that has yet been made. It certainly has a unique charm, which impre as being much like the charm of the original inni Persian poetry. Lida Rose McCabe writes on "The Everyday Life of a Sister of Charity," and George Pangalo on "How the Streets of Cairo Came to the World's . . .

St Nichelas for July much resembles a lox of mixed tombons. It is full of literary and pictorial tonnes touches, al dainty and well suited to the taste, and not be much of any one kind. The hanner mulicle, so to speak, is that by Charles Sydney Clark, entitled "Honors to the Flag," which describes the manipulations pertaining to the flag in mill tary life. There is a fac simile of a letter written by George Washington, an article on the girlhood of Queen Victoria, one on "The Last of the Drama" by Con Marrast Perkies, U. S. M. C., and a duzen other pretty and fumy and eseful things One of the most original is a description of the brownies of insect world, and one of the prettiest a poem by John Vanc Cheney, called "The Sprite of the Billiop." Frances Courtenay Paylor is writing a serial story for St. Nicholas, called "Miss Nina Parrow," which contrasts the bring ing up of the sensible English child with that of the spoiled American child in a way which is more instructive than flattering to the small people of our own land.

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The Review of Reviews has changed its name to the American Monthly Review of Reviews, principally to avoid any confusion with Mr. Stead's English Review of Reviews. The July number opens with a thoughtful and musterly article on the Hawanan question, the first Bustacian of which is the curtary published in The Times just after the signing of the freuty. This carbon represented Undle Sam Wildly Waving the American diag and blocking the sugar trust at one and the same time, While the haby republic of Hawaii, in the background, waved a second edition of the Stars and extraces and John Bull and Japan on with long frees. Woolford's appointment is reviewed and the Cuban question, the tardf bill and other public matters p cove that doe measure of attention. One of the particularly interesting features of thus number, in the light of the Deby de relopment, in a resume of "Edward Bel-lamy's Gospel of the New Social Bemosracy," by Spivester Baxter. An article by Dr. E. R. L. Gould treats of a some which may tend to bring about the ideal democracy, namely, "Homewood, a Model Subarbar Settlement" Gen. A. W. Gredy writes on "The Higher Deaf Mate haudet College, in This city "Seth Law" is a character sketch, finely illustrated, by Edward Cary. There is also an article of Othe Revival of the Erenon Calversities," by Baron Pierre de Conbertia.

The Forum for July contains an exfremely varied lot of articles, both as regards writers and subjects. One which will be of especial interest to the Culum League and its friends here is the paper by Thurson G. Alvord, corresponde the World in this city, entitled, "Why Spain Has Faffed in Cuba." Another Annither Washington resident, Dr. Harvey W. Wile. thef of the division of chemistry in the Acricultural Department, writes on "Su Bounties and Their Influence," and Mr. Duncas Veazor, a Baltimore man, and of the National Civil Server Asserts tion, writes on "A Resion! Defect in Our Civil Service Law." American affairs in Turkey, and Prof. A. D. F. Hamlin, professor of arthitecture in Columbian University, was been in that country and has made se there. He has something to say on "The Rights of Foreigners to Turkey Princes Abbott contributes a thoughten paper on the question whether or not Americans have any social standards. Two interesting views of municipal givern ment are contributed by ex-Gov Flower and Senator Frank D. Paver, and two college professors are represented by two articles-one by Prof. Woolney, of Yale on 'The Fowers of the Greeco-Turkish War," and one by Prof. Laughlin, of Chitago University, on "The McKinley Administration and Prospersy"

The July number of Current Leterature is a fine specimen of the scope of that magazine. Among the noted writers magazne. Among the noted writers brought together between its covers are George W. Cable, editor of the magazine, Bamilton Mable, Richard Hatton, Moses Cott Tyler, John Hay, Reary Van Dyke, M. W. Hazeltine, W. Robertson Steell, Lillian and Arthur T. Quiller-Couch, D. T. Ma-Dougal, Ernest Ingersoll, Baton Pierre de Conbertin, William Winter, Mrs. Bammores Want, John E. Table Cliaton Scolland and Gilbert Parker.

## Rowdy vs. Gentleman.

The man who has retired from politics, ut used to feed pretty steadily at the public crib, told this once while in a

"When I first run for Congress the district extered five times as much territory as it does now, and there was a pretty igh lot of voters in the norths where they were just resping a rich harvest of one. My opponent was sending some nightly fine speakers through that section of the country, and among then is son from college, who was scholarly soking and wore spectacles. I conceived the idea that some rough-and-turble fellow, who could tell stories, drink whisky and affiliate with the woodsmen might do my cause lots of most amount them

"I found my man in a big, noby petriforging lawyer, who was glad to make a little money and notoriety on such an expedition: I heard from him occasionally going about like a roaring tion, and lyadies my alleged qualities in a way that ould have left me williant the vote of a corporal's guard in Christian isot purcious of the district. Flushed by success and more intense exhiliaranis, my champion decided on a grand climax, a crowning trimph to bis compaign. He challenged the cullege youth to a joint delate, to be had before a mass meeting of the red-mah brigade. Such a defi was not to be ignored, and the event came off. My advantathundered, almost and did everything but talk sense. The boy took the other tack, treated the audience as he would a cidused for of gentlemen, and appealed to an intelligence that was delighted at the recognition. My bewyer was knocked clear our of the bex, and when he made the mistake of trying to regain the support of the crowd by whipping the young man, he was knocked clear off the platform by a deft their opinions) to the effect that England's | the first I ever suffered, but I deserved it."